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A DRESS REHEARSAL FOR THE ROAD.

FAIRBANKS.—De-light-ed!



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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PUCK HAS nothing but sympathy for those whose energies are directed toward keeping the American Sunday sweet and clean. There is no possibility of a difference between him and those who would preserve the day of rest in all its beauty and holiness, and insist with emphasis upon the holding of it in respect and reverence by all men. But on the point of how this desirable end shall be accomplished there is a wide divergence between the views which PUCK holds and those which are held by the well-meaning persons who would turn the day into a penal institution wherein men should mortify the flesh, deny themselves to pleasures and go about clad in a hair shirt. The spiritual needs of men and women are not always the same from generation to generation in days like these any more than they were a fixed quantity nineteen hundred and four years ago when new light was shed upon dark places that were as smugly satisfied with themselves as the sackcloth and ash Sabbatarian is at present with himself. There was a time when drastic punishment was meted out to those misguided masculine folk who ventured to salute their wives with a connubial kiss on Sunday morning. That day has passed for the simple reason that men and women could not convince themselves that a beneficent Providence had

designed that the innocent pleasure derived from that operation should at any fixed period of the week be regarded as sinful. No more can he who regards his body as a spiritual temple ever be convinced that it is not morally required of him that he shall keep that temple in the best possible repair. The instruments provided for this purpose are to be found in Nature. The sweet air of the woods is a tonic to the spirit; the bracing salt breezes of the sea are a refreshment to the soul; the act of treading the soft,

green sward of the country-side puts ginger into one's being, and the more or less trifling games that man plays while engaged in the pursuit of this renewal of health and strength are but the seasoning which gives zest to the effort. To say to such one tied to the wheel of labor of one kind or another during the work-a-day hours of the week that this repartition which his Sunday alone makes possible is an offense not only to decency but in the eyes of the Most High is to say that which his deeper nature tells him is untrue and he will not therefore believe it and will act accordingly, and in such measure that alongside of his task of sweeping back the gathering tides of the rational Sunday, he who would attempt this will find the effort of King Canute to stay the waves of the sea a comparatively easy job.

ALLIED to this subject somewhat is the problem now being widely discussed of "Why Men Don't Go To Church." In PUCK's judgment the real answer to this problem is that men do go to church, and in very large numbers. They not only go to church but interest themselves deeply in church matters, caring for its business interests, providing for its temporal needs and trying to-day as never before to give material impulse to the cause of religion, whether Christian or Jewish or what not, by placing the sinews of war in the hands of their clerical leaders, the better to fight the cohorts of unbelief. A crowded golf links does not mean an empty house of worship by any manner of means, though it may be that by an unwise insistence upon the church as a jealously militant institution some vagarious souls are driven out of the sanctuary into the broader aisles of the country-side, where they may enjoy a closer communion with the manifestations of the glorious power of a Lord of All than they derive from a contemplation of a mortal proxy vainly endeavoring to set aside man's spiritual needs for the upbuilding of an organization, a Trust in Souls. There is nothing the matter with our Churches. They are safe and sound and doing a fine and noble work. There is nothing the matter with religion which in some form will be found resting securely in the breasts of all men, even the lowest of them. The trouble, if trouble there be, lies in the blindness of a few—happily very few—so-called leaders of religious thought who instead of

standing at the sanctuary doors holding out the right hand of fellowship to the soul wanderer and giving him that which will satisfy his cravings for a better life, rise up in their pulpits with denunciation upon their lips, not of the really evil tendencies of the hour, but of those that are intrinsically wholly innocent, and in fact to some degree physically and morally uplifting. Most men would rather bat a base ball around a three-acre lot on a Sunday morning than sit in a pew and be themselves knocked about by a clerical batsman whose eye for evil is so askew that it perceives sin where none exists.

AS WE have remarked before prophecy in things political is bad business. Who ever would have dared say in advance of the fact that General Miles would decline a nomination for the Presidency? Frankly we can not understand it unless the General had inside information to the effect that, like Steel Common, there was "too much water in it." May we ask our Prohibition friends why with General Miles out of the way there was no reversion of the nomination to Admiral Schley?



THAT IS N'T a very nice charge that is brought against Mr. Santos-Dumont out at the St. Louis Exposition, i. e., that he slashed, or ordered to be slashed, his Air Ship so that it could not take part in the Flying contest of July Fourth. Somehow or other PUCK can not quite convince himself that the airy Brazilian is guilty of that outrage. It does not seem at all likely that Mr. Santos-Dumont would do so scandalous a thing, any more than that Mr. Marconi would cut one of his wireless waves of transmission, and just what his motive could be for doing it is far from clear. Still there is no telling about these things. Men indulge in all sorts of strange antics in these days. There was Senator Fairbanks kicking holes in his Vice-Presidential boom for weeks before the Chicago Convention; there is Mr. Bryan still talking and up to the hour of going to press Judge Parker still not talking, thereby doing all the damage possible to their own hot air ships; and on top of it all here comes even Theodore Roosevelt slitting his own record into strips by having the famous "Lou" Payn down to Washington and making up his splendid quarrel with that individual in the face of Mr. Jake Riis's eulogistic comment on that particular part of his achievement, and in such terms that, according to common report,

even the fire extinguisher in the White House Corridor blew up in disgust. If such things can be why perhaps Mr. Santos-Dumont could punch holes in his aerial craft with a jack-knife, but it is hard to believe just the same and PUCK proposes to suspend judgment in the matter until the case is definitely and convincingly decided against him.

SOME DAY if things go on as they seem to be going at present the people of these United States of America may hope to enjoy non-partisan government. President Roosevelt has lately appointed to his Cabinet a hot-house Republican whose lightning change artistry in shedding his Democratic clothes for the garments of G. O. P. leadership elicits the envious admiration of countess vaudeville specialists who have hitherto prided themselves upon their matchless facility in that especial line of human endeavor. Following close upon this there looms large upon the Democratic horizon as a probable candidate for the Vice-Presidency a Mr. George Turner of Washington State, who until 1896 was a dyed in the wool Republican; so deeply dyed indeed was he that under the administration of President Hayes he was a United States Marshal in Alabama. It really begins to look as though party fealty was no longer to be regarded as the supreme test of a man's fitness to serve under one flag or another, and in the main that is n't at all a bad thing. As long as it does not result in Mr. Bryan's capturing the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1908, or the placing of Mr. Hearst in Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet at an earlier period, we should welcome the tendency as a harbinger of improving conditions.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY the Czar of all the Russias of all the men big and little in the world seems to-day to stand most in need of advice. This PUCK cheerfully gives him. We think the time is ripe for his Majesty to consider the propriety of issuing another call for a Universal disarmament. If this can be brought about we see no reason why those who dwell in the suburbs of St. Petersburg need fear the possibility of an early morning surprise from General Kuroki of Japan between now and Christmas.

A PROPOS OF the Payn-Roosevelt reunion a dismayed correspondent enquires if there was ever such a spectacle as that before. He intimates that there never was, but he is wrong. Such things are happening all the time. Righteousness and Peace have been kissing each other from time immemorial. It is really getting scandalous.



ALICE IN STAGELAND

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



III.

ALICE MEETS THE SCARECROW AND HAMLET.

"HOWDY, Pinky?" said the Scarecrow, cordially, as the little party entered the field. Have n't seen you in an age."

"How you do talk," growled the Lion. "What a thing to say to a girl of Pinky's tender years. She has n't seen an age herself yet."

"Oh, well, I mean according to my way of reckoning," apologized the Scarecrow. "I was made in an afternoon, and was twenty-one years old in ten minutes, so you see I don't calculate time the way you do. Ten seconds make a month, ten months make a century, ten centuries make a—well, never mind what ten centuries make. I'm having all I can do managing this one. Who's your friend, Pinky?"

"This is Alice," Pinky replied. "Alice, let me present Mr. Scarecrow."

"Glad to meet you, Ma'am," said the Scarecrow, extending his hand, which Alice grasped with pleasure, for she had always liked him.

"I'm very glad to meet you, too," said Alice. "You've made me laugh lots of times."

"Well, you see I can't help it," observed the Scarecrow. "I'm made of straw, and it's easy to tickle people with that

if you only use it right. My veins are just bursting with the best grass that is in the market, but mellowed. There's nothing green about me."

"You're a regular old hayseed," growled the Lion, who was a trifle jealous of the Scarecrow.

"Maybe I am, maybe I am," retorted the Scarecrow; "but why should n't I be? Everybody is. All flesh is grass, and that lets you in too, Leo, my boy. I heard a man say only the other day that you were a dandy Lion;—but what are you made of, little girl? Bones or excelsior?"

"Oh, I'm real," said Alice, quickly. "Just a plain regular human being, like Pinky."

"Pinky ain't plain," said the Scarecrow. "If she was, she would n't be in the business. She's just the prettiest, daintiest little—"

"Oh, stop, Mr. Scarecrow!" cried Pinky, blushing to the roots of her hair. "I don't like flattery—that is, not when it's out loud."

"Well, let me have your ear for a moment," said the Scarecrow with a chuckle. "I've got a compliment eighteen yards long to whisper in it. You know, Miss Alice, Pinky and I are going to be married some day."

"Nothing of the sort!" cried Pinky, indignantly.

"Yes we are," sang the Scarecrow. "Sure as fate. Not to each other, perhaps, but to somebody, and then we'll be so happy."

Pinky burst out laughing.

"I thought you meant to me," she said, demurely.

"No, indeed," said the Scarecrow. "I love you dearly, but I don't think we'd suit each other at all. In the first place, our tastes are different. You are fond of lobsters and hot-birds and cold bottles for breakfast, and you dress

in the most expensive silk pajamas that can be had in the market, whereas I have what the French call a pong chong for old duds, and when the inner man calls for nourishment,

like nothing better than a bunch of new mown hay spiced with a thistle or two. The hot-bird it is my business to discourage; and as for cold bottles, I never drink anything wet for fear of its effect upon my straw."

"You might try a dry champagne," suggested Leo, with a sarcastic smile.

"Thank you, no," observed the Scarecrow. "When I'm thirsty a few glasses of sawdust set me up. I've a little song that I'd like to sing, if you care to hear it. It's of my own composition in Hay-flat."

"Go ahead," said Alice. "I'd like to hear it very much."

And the Scarecrow, with appropriate gestures, sang as follows:

*Some sing of brown October Ale,
And some of Pilsener Beer;
Some love a bubble with their quail,
All frapp'd in a silver pail,
And costing very dear.
Some seek the joys of Rhenish wine,
Some dote on Burgundy,
But if you ask me what is mine*

*T is this you'll hear from me:
Bring me a brew of sawdust,
Bring me a hashed-up board,
Freshly drawn from the wood itself—
The Dust that's just been sawed!*

*Prate not to me of this or that,
Upon your vinous list,
Mall liquors from the gurgling vat,
That smullen up your derby hat,
And give your legs a twist;
Talk not of Chateau wines or those
That come in squatting stein,
Of alcohols replete with woes,
But when you ask what's mine:
Bring me a brew of sawdust,
Straight from the woodman's tank,
Freshly drawn from the wood itself,
A mug of powdered plank.*



"What an absurd idea!" cried Leo, as the Scarecrow finished his song. "Sawdust as a drink!"

"Ever try it?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Of course not," said Leo. "What do you take me for, an idiot?"

"Well, you try it," said the Scarecrow. "It's quite as dry as one of your brut champagnes and nothing like so wet. I've tried both. I had to lie in the sun for a whole week after drinking the champagne to get dried out, but after the sawdust I was as blithe and solid as you please."

"I must say I agree with the Lion," said Pinky; "I don't see where the advantage comes in drinking sawdust."

"You can get just as full on sawdust as you can on champagne," said the Scarecrow, "but without getting drunk. That's one advantage. The other is that one costs four dollars a quart and the other about ten cents a ton. You can get awfully sober on five cents worth of sawdust. And you don't taste it the next morning either. When I drank the champagne my mouth felt like a plush-lined parlor the next day, but after copious libations of sawdust I could almost imagine my interior was finished in hardwood."

"Well," said the Lion. "Chacon a son gout—every man to his own gout, say I. You take the sawdust, and I'll stick to fizz-water. But say, are we going to stay here and gabble all day?"

"No," said Pinky, taking Alice by the hand. "I want Alice to meet the twins, and it's getting pretty near their office hours. Want to come along with us, Timothy?"

"Yes," said the Scarecrow, "but can't you wait a few minutes? I want to arrange with my friend Hamlet to take my place, and he promised to meet me here at four. It's five minutes of now."

"Hamlet?" cried the Lion. "You don't mean the Prince of Denmark?"

"Certainly," replied the Scarecrow. "There is n't much doing for him along the Rialto these days, and as he's a little hard up, I've given him a job as my understudy."

"Great Scott!" groaned the Lion. "What a state of affairs—you running two hundred nights and Hamlet out of a job!"

Leo shook his head sadly at the thought, but the Scarecrow was not impressed by his pessimism.

"Oh, well, what of it?" he retorted. "Did n't Willie Shakespeare have a glimpse of what was coming to him when he wrote:

*Impious Snoozer dead with sickening thud
May wake some day to find his name is mud?*

"A man can't hope to be a matinee idol forever, and just because Hamlet was a sort of James K. Faversham for three hundred years is no reason why



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he should hold the job forever. Rotation in office say I. It's all well enough to say John Drew, but will John continue to draw? He drew like sixty when he was twenty. Will he draw like twenty when he's sixty, is the question that's got to be answered some day. I think I'll ask the twins.

"Who are the twins?" asked Alice. "This is the second time they've been spoken of."

"Frohmandum and Frohmandee," said Pinky. "They are exceedingly important people in Stageland and you might as well say you've been abroad without visiting Paris as talk about a trip through Stageland without having seen Frohmandum and Frohmandee. They're nice hard-working boys and Frohmandum has the finest collection of theatres you ever saw."

"Collection of theatres?" queried Alice.

"Yes," said the Scarecrow. "Most boys collect postage stamps, or coins, or beetles, but Frohmandum collects theatres. He's got a complete set uncancelled."

"And what does Frohmandee do?" asked Alice.

"He takes care of duplicates," said Pinky. "But look, here comes Hamlet."

"On time to the minute!" ejaculated the Scarecrow. "Hullo, Hammy," he shouted waving his hand to new arrival.

Alice gazed across the field and was interested to see a tall solemn-visaged man clad in black, climbing over the fence. He never even smiled at the genial greeting vouchsafed to him by the Scarecrow—indeed Alice thought he winced a trifle at being addressed as Hammy.

"Good afternoon, your Royal Highness," said the Lion, obsequiously.

"How do you do, ladies and gentlemen," observed Hamlet.

"Feeling pretty well this morning, Hammy?" asked the Scarecrow.

"Quite the same as usual," returned the Prince. "Still a trifle blue."

*'Tis a terrible thing to be out of a job,
Run down at the heel like a hobo slob,
Especially if
You've once had a whiff
Of the joyous regard of the clamoring mob.*

"I should think so," said Pinky.

"It's really awful," Hamlet continued. "Just think, Miss Pajamas,—

*Suppose you were once, in a bygone day,
The loveliest thing at a matinee,
And then came to,
As we all must do,
To find that your laurels were dry as hay!*

"I should n't like it," said Pinky.

"I don't think you would," returned Hamlet. "But listen further:

*Suppose as a Prince you once had reigned
And riches and fame galore had gained
And then in a night
These faded from sight,
And even the supers your crown disdained?"*

"Tough luck," said the Scarecrow. "You're up against it, old man." "I am, indeed," sighed the Dane. "I realize it."

*Alack and Alas that it should be!
Oh, day of woe and misery!
My glories past
Has gone at last
And the horrible thing has happened to me.
And that is why, you understand,
I'm ever sad and never bland,
Cold shoulders on most every hand—
And yet the public thinks it queer,
And smirk and grin from ear to ear,
That folk should ask from year to year,
And ever will until I die,
Was Hamlet mad, and if so, Why?"*

"Of course, you're mad, old boy," said the Scarecrow. "Who would n't be? But never mind. You've got lots of company. Nothing lasts nowadays. Heroes warranted fast colors crock and fade; statesmen glorying in their power find themselves as little children in the hands of the iceman; millionaires tremble in the presence of the man without the hoe, and many a star that shines effulgently by night, by day is dunned by his gasman for his last month's bill.

"You'll be back in the traces again," the Scarecrow continued. "Frohmandum and Frohmandee have a play in hand written by the Tin Woodman which they may produce next season and I think they are thinking of asking you to take the title role."

Hamlet's face brightened.

"Really," he cried. "What is it?"

"Richard the Seventy-Leventh," said the Scarecrow.

"And the title role?" inquired Hamlet eagerly.

"Mansfield, of course. Who else?" queried the Scarecrow.

Hamlet's external dejection immediately returned, but from within his person the group were startled to hear sounds of uproarious laughter. Hamlet frowned deeply, and made motions which indicated an effort to suppress an ill-timed levity.

"Very annoying of you!" said Hamlet, whispering into an opening of his doublet. "Shut up, won't you?"

There was a muffled response which Alice could not quite make out, and in a moment a skull popped its—well—its head out of the Prince's jacket.

"My friend, Yorick," said Hamlet, blushing.

"I am very sorry to have interrupted your conversation with my ill-timed levity," said Yorick's skull, grinning more broadly than ever. "But I truly could not help myself. I've always loved a jest, and as for a most excellent fancy—well, say, you know me, don't you?"

The Scarecrow confessed that he had never heard of him before, and inasmuch as the others were reticent, the Skull began to sing:

*I'm Hamlet's most intimate friend,
Whichever he goes, I am by him.
I'll follow him straight to his ultimate end,
And never, no never will fly him.
I like him as much as a fellow may like
The chap that he plays with or works with,
And if the day comes when misfortune shall strike,
You'll find I'm the lad that he smirks with.*

*I'm only a skull made of driest of bone,
But somewhere the shade of a heart is,
That once in the flesh was a heart of my own,
And still though a shadow quite smart is.
It beats for the Prince who's been ever my friend,
In life and in death has stood by me,
And so to the ultimate, ultimate end,
At his side you will ever espy me.*

*In Europe, in Britain, in old Yankeeland,
Wherever this Prince has been acting
In prosperous run or in single night stand,
In calm or in weather exacting.
Fore crowned heads or Yokels, in palace or hut,
In prospect of blue or magenta,
Each time he has lifted me up from the rut
And handed me out at the centre!*

*And that is the why and the wherefore of this
My love for this poor saddened royal,
I'll share in his woes as I've shared in his bliss,
And trust I shall ever be loyal,
And popular whim for myself and for him,
May lapse in a fashion that's hateful,
Be fortune a-smiling or Dame frowning grim,
To Hamlet I'll ever be grateful.*

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Hamlet as Yorick finished, "but I must beg of you not to guffaw too loudly. It grates upon my sensibilities."

"Oh, come off," said the Scarecrow. "Drop your sensibilities and let him laugh. Emulate the elephant. Cultivate the epiderm of the pachyderm. Clothe yourself in callosity and let the world spin on."

"He's a philosopher, my Prince," remarked the Skull at this point. "And I'd advise you to heed his words."

"It takes a man of straw to be philosophical in these days," quoth Hamlet. "I am not such."

"Well," said the Scarecrow, "you'd better try to be such. I'm not stuck on my suchness myself, but I don't find any pleasure in being miserable, and so I ain't. What you need is fresh air, plenty of sunshine and a job. I give you mine for the present and leave you for the nonce. Come on, Pinky, we'll seek out the twins, while you, Master Hamlet, may sit

here and scare away the birds with Yorick's skull to keep you company. The pay is four dollars a month, and all the old clothes you need to keep the weather out. But mind you—don't frighten the birds too much, for if you did that they would never return and if they never returned you'd be out of a job again."

With which parting injunction the Scarecrow descended from his perch and with Alice, Pinky and the Lion, made off for the headquarters of Frohmandum and Frohmandee.





AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

SWARTHY, brawny gondolier,
Waterman of Venice quaint,
Would some elfin brush might paint
What you dream of, stroking here—
Here, this afternoon.

Old St. Mark's, the Bridge of Sighs,
Medieval domes and towers,
Remnants of departed powers,
Opal clouds in sunlit skies—
Skies, and still lagoon.

These, perchance, you dream about—
These, or else, perhaps, of Rome,
Rahway, Troy—Where *is* your home?
Fie! I must not, will not, doubt—
Doubt the man so soon. *Arthur H. Folwell.*

True worth is in being rather than in seeming; in the number of forks
you actually eat with, rather than the number you have laid beside
your plate.

PUCK



EVEN IN EGYPT.

MRS. TURRING COOKIE.—How natural the trolleys look, don't they? They're the most American things I've seen yet.

MR. TURRING COOKIE.—By far; and do you know what that Brooklyn woman did? She asked absent-mindedly for a Bergen Beach transfer.



PAPEETE, Tahiti, June 29.—From Borabora comes the news of the marriage of Dodo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Poly Phevis, to Prince Kaliko Rappa of Maitia. The bride's parents are of the oldest and wealthiest families on the island, and it is said that her *dot* was half a million cocoanuts, on the tree. The Prince hasn't a cocoanut to his name, but his title is unclouded.

The wedding took place at high noon, on the beach, and was a hot affair. The bride, who will be remembered as the reigning belle of Borabora last season, looked lovely in a red bandana and a bodice of cocoanut oil, and carried a large bouquet of vanilla beans. The groom wore the conventional tan. Among the elaborate wedding gifts were a coral soup kettle and a mother-of-pearl axe.

After a reception at the shack of the bride's parents the happy couple, pelted with cocoanuts, left on a canoe trip to Tahiti. They will be at home Aug. 15, at "The Combers," Ocean Avenue.

Bill Booga Boo, the public prosecutor for these islands, is exceedingly unpopular at present among the smart bunch, many of whom have been subpoenaed to testify against one Crapfield, who runs a palace of fortune on Pacific Avenue, in this city. Young Hottamale, who is reported to have lost 400 copra in one night's play, has been hiding in Otahe, Eimeo and other islands, dodging Booga Boo, who is determined to use him as a witness. All the young sports are singing: "Booga Boo will get us if we don't watch out."

The season at Nude Port is now at its height. The Koko-Oilriches arrived last week, and yesterday the Reva-Revas opened their shack on the Twelve Mile Walk. Considerable talk has been caused by this year's daring bathing costumes. Some of the women are scandalously overdressed, and the men have taken to wearing plug hats in the surf. One young matron caused no end of gossip by appearing on the beach in a costume that exposed nothing but her face.

Mrs. O. Naturel gave a nose-flute musical last week in honor of Miss Creamie Brown, one of the most beautiful of the season's buds. Her *paru* was of pink mosquito netting. The hostess wore ball slippers and a coral tiara.

Paru Tiputa, the young Copra King, has acquired a new 200 H. P. ball-bearing catamaran, and may be seen any fine day burning up the bay. Tiputa drove his racer a mile yesterday in 1:46, smashing all records for ball-bearing catamarans.

Some droll functions are reported from Scilly Island. Hari Laia, the leader of the Scilly set, is a regular cut-up, and everybody exclaims: "What next?"

B. L. T.

BY A TWISTED BARD.

I'M GOING to the dear old farm,
I'm going far away,
To lie upon the new-mown eggs
And eat the new-laid hay.
'T is there that Bess and Brindle yield
The milk so crystal clear;
'T is there the mossy bucket holds
Its warm and foaming cheer.

And then I'll eat the fatted colt,
With glad and joyous laugh,
And as in boyhood's vanished days
I'll ride the frisky calf. *McLandburgh Wilson.*

PROGRESS is going from New York to Chicago in ten minutes less.

BOTH Mr. Perdicaris and his former captor, Mr. Raisuli, are said to be lovers of fine editions. They were unable to agree, however, as to the beauty of Morocco bindings.

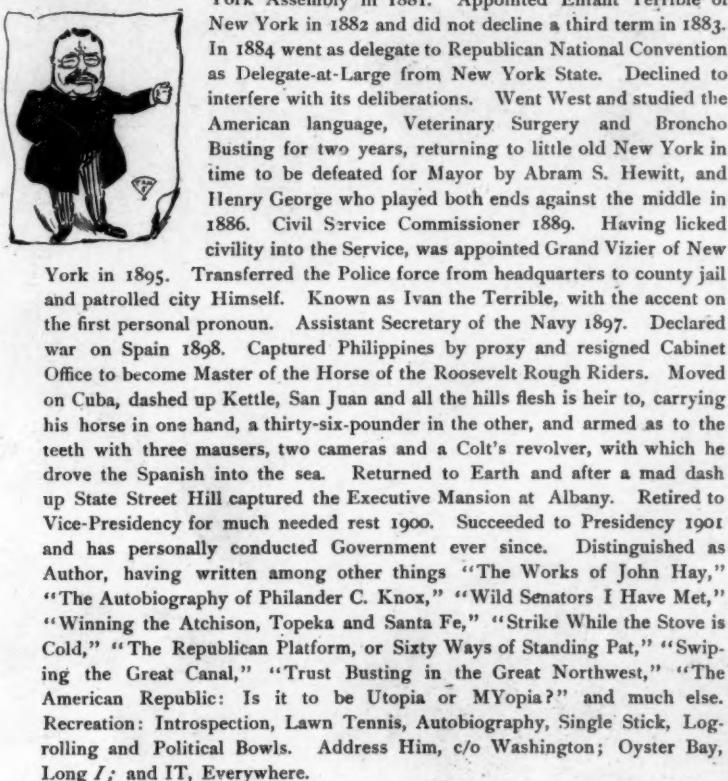


SOLVED.

SAMANTHA.—What do they want farm help up there fer, Silas?
SILAS.—I dunno, gol ram 'em, 'nless it's one o' them durned roof gardens.

WHO'S WHICH IN POLITICS?

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE. President, Vice-President, Cabinet, Supreme Court and Congress of the United States of America. Chief of Police Western Hemisphere. Protector of China, Porto Rico and the Philippines; one of the six Powers and Eighth Wonder of the Earth. Grand Master It, of Itville-on-the-Spot, and Republican Candidate to succeed Himself, A. Lincoln, G. Washington and others who also ran in the Presidential Chair. Born, Smaller New York, October, 27th, 1858, with front teeth already cut and his eye on a photograph of the White House. His first words were ME, repeated three times, by which he was immediately identified as Himself. Was marked "Fragile" in infancy, but having adopted the principles of Expansion in early youth soon entered the Use No Hooks class, where he has remained ever since. Entered Harvard as Freshman, General Manager and Under-study to Dr. Eliot shortly after his fifth birthday. Was graduated *Cum Loudy — cum very loudy*, in fact — in time to catch the Empire State Express to the New York Assembly in 1881. Appointed Enfant Terrible of New York in 1882 and did not decline a third term in 1883.



In 1884 went as delegate to Republican National Convention as Delegate-at-Large from New York State. Declined to interfere with its deliberations. Went West and studied the American language, Veterinary Surgery and Broncho Busting for two years, returning to little old New York in time to be defeated for Mayor by Abram S. Hewitt, and Henry George who played both ends against the middle in 1886. Civil Service Commissioner 1889. Having licked civility into the Service, was appointed Grand Vizier of New York in 1895. Transferred the Police force from headquarters to county jail and patrolled city Himself. Known as Ivan the Terrible, with the accent on the first personal pronoun. Assistant Secretary of the Navy 1897. Declared war on Spain 1898. Captured Philippines by proxy and resigned Cabinet Office to become Master of the Horse of the Roosevelt Rough Riders. Moved on Cuba, dashed up Kettle, San Juan and all the hills flesh is heir to, carrying his horse in one hand, a thirty-six-pounder in the other, and armed as to the teeth with three mausers, two cameras and a Colt's revolver, with which he drove the Spanish into the sea. Returned to Earth and after a mad dash up State Street Hill captured the Executive Mansion at Albany. Retired to Vice-Presidency for much needed rest 1900. Succeeded to Presidency 1901 and has personally conducted Government ever since. Distinguished as Author, having written among other things "The Works of John Hay," "The Autobiography of Philander C. Knox," "Wild Senators I Have Met," "Winning the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe," "Strike While the Stove is Cold," "The Republican Platform, or Sixty Ways of Standing Pat," "Swiping the Great Canal," "Trust Busting in the Great Northwest," "The American Republic: Is it to be Utopia or Myopia?" and much else. Recreation: Introspection, Lawn Tennis, Autobiography, Single Stick, Log-rolling and Political Bowls. Address Him, c/o Washington; Oyster Bay, Long Island; and IT, Everywhere.

FAIRBANKS, CHARLES WARREN. U. S. Senator from Indiana, Master of the Woolley Horse in Court of Theodore the Great, Vice-Presidential Candidate to succeed Theodore Roosevelt on Republican Ticket. Born near Unionville Centre, Union County, Ohio, American Union, May 11th, 1852, and may therefore be set down as a Union baby. First words were "Not Under Any Circumstances." These were subsequently amended to read "Well I might." He did. Boyhood passed in Ohio devoted to lengthening out. Resolved to grow a foot a year for nine years, but stopped at the age of six years and four months. Educated at Public Schools. Took prize for Acclamation and Reticence in High School, and entered Ohio Wesleyan University in 1868. As a born Methodist is firm believer in Method. Admitted to Bar in 1874, but does not drink. Moved to Indianapolis 1874, all the political prizes of Ohio having already been pre-empted. Finding the poetry market already cornered by James Whitcomb Riley, and General Lew Wallace and Booth Tarkington with a monopoly on high class fiction, decided to enter mere journalism as Agent for Associated Press. Defeated for U. S. Senatorship by David Turpie in 1893 and has since held all kinds of Turpitude as morally reprehensible. Is said to have drank a Martini cocktail in 1894, but this is denied by his friends who say that the concoction while resembling a martini was nothing more than a pony of Schuylkill water sent to him by Senator Quay, with a cherry in it. Elected to United States Senate in 1897 and in 1903. Is regarded as a Master of Debate, none of his public speeches being longer than himself and containing nothing that has not been well thought out by himself or previous speakers before. Is a strict partisan and parts his hair at its line of juncture with his head at a point beginning over his left temple and running back as far as the bump of secretiveness at the North-East of his sinister Auricle. Member of the American and British Joint High Commission for the Partition of Canada which acquired from the British Government the recognition of the rights of a citizen of the United States to eat shad in season and wear fur-lined overcoats along the rialto irrespective of any riparian rights

already existing along the Long Island Coast. He is six foot four inches in height, is all wool and a trifle less than a yard wide. Recreations: Mumbledypeg, Whisht, Ping-Pong, Politics. Address until Nov. 8th, c/o Roosevelt, Washington, D. C.

HEARST, WILLIAM RANDOLPH. (See Brisbane, Arthur.)

CLEVELAND, GROVER. Ex-President of the United States; Professor of Declination, Princeton University. Born Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837. First words were "Under No Conceivable Concatenation of Fortuitous or Unfortunate Circumstances Can I Imagine a Peradventure or a Misadventure which would Induce me to Surrender the Comfortable Desuetude of my Present Happy Surroundings for the Inevitable Disquietudes of the Quest for Public Office. See Olney." His recovery however was rapid and complete. Joined fishing expedition to Lake Erie in 1857 with headquarters at Buffalo, where he remained until 1882 when having occupied all the official positions in that City from Sheriff to Mayor and General Lord High Jerome of Lake Erie, he moved to Albany where he had secured the lucrative job of Governing the State of New York. In 1884 was advanced to the Presidency of the United States, defeating James G. Blaine, Belva Lockwood and others by the narrow margin of three R's cast by the Rev. Dr. Burchard. Was defeated for his second term in 1888 by Benjamin Harrison of Indiana because of his suspected secret relations to certain unprotected industries, but was successful in his fight for a third term against the same opponent in 1892. Lost his party overboard while fishing in Chesapeake Bay with Rear-Admiral Bob Evans and Joseph Jefferson in 1895. Failing to rescue it from the wrecking parties who secured possession of the remains, he returned to Washington and spent the remaining days of his term in signing autographs for the J. P. Morgan Art Bond Company, by whom they were distributed to loyal collectors throughout the country. In 1897 retired to Princeton, N. J., and took up the study of Fish Culture under the tutelage of Prof. Henry Van Dyke and other experts. He also interested himself in Canvas-back ducks, Wild Geese and Soft Clams in the course of the study of which last he has come to be a staunch admirer and advocate of the Parker

Brand as a steady diet for those on the lookout for a safe and sound health food. Is said to be politically in his "declining years." Recreations: Fly-casting, Bryan Baiting, Reminiscing, and Running from Office. Address, the Hearts of his Countrymen.

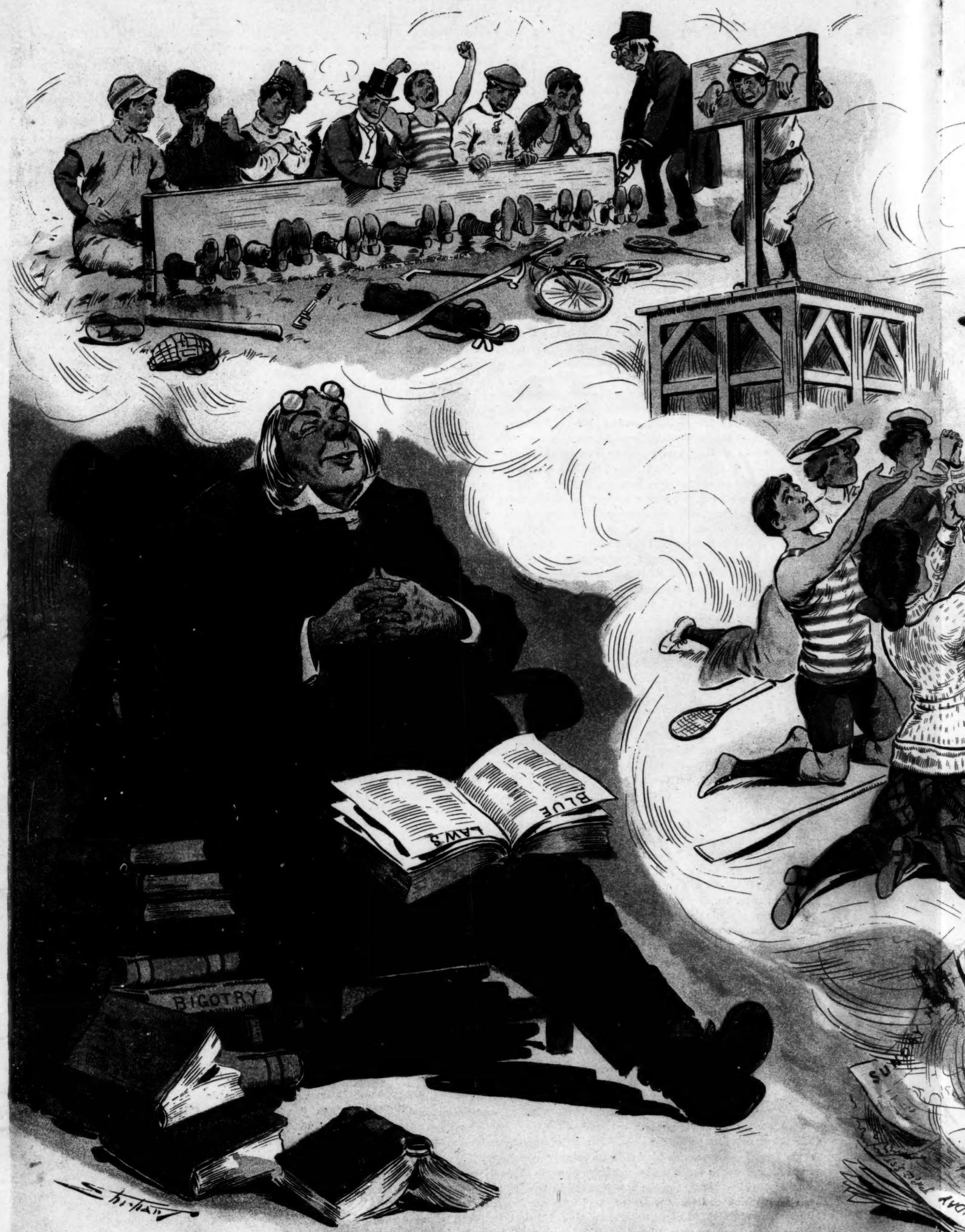
BRISBANE, ARTHUR. (See "Who's The Whole Thing," Editorial Page, New York Evening Journal, 16th Sporting Extra, issued every evening at 10 A. M.)

PARKER, ALTON BROOKS. Must not be confounded with Babbling Brooks. Jurist, Farmer, Leader of the Anti-Megaphone Party, First Citizen of Esopus, New York, and Soft Pedal Candidate for the Dumbocratio Presidential Nomination. Born half-way between Syracuse and Binghamton, N. Y., May 14th, 1851. This accounts for his conservative tendencies, which are pronounced. His first words were never spoken, and his boyhood days were passed on his father's farm milking the cows and learning to chew the cud of silence. Educated at his own expense at the Cortland Academy of Vocal Suppression, where he acquired the habit of expressing his opinions in a whisper which is said by those who remember him as a youth to have rivaled in stillness the voice of conscience. Taught school at Virgil, N. Y., a town named after a poet who wrote in a language which, though highly popular in the days of Caesarism, has since died. Studied law in the shadow of the Empire State Law Factory at Albany, whence many distinguished statesmen like Hon. Thomas F. Grady, Governor Timothy L. Woodruff and the Sullivan brothers of the Bowery have been graduated. Surrogate of Ulster County, 1877, where he studied the wills of the people with much assiduity. Appointed to Supreme Court Bench by Governor David B. Still in 1885, in which high office he learned to hold his opinions in reserve until the hour was not only ripe but mellowing. Promoted to the Court of Appeals 1889 and became Chief Judge of that body in 1897 where the Republican Administration hopes to keep him for the balance of his career. Author of "The Unpublished Opinions of a Chief Justice," "The Failure of the Speech Crop of 1904," "Hidden Views Along the Hudson," "What I Don't Think About Many Things," "On the Superiority of Spinach over Water Cress in Preparing Clams for the Table," "Tongue-Tied at St. Louis," and a volume of poems in blank verse, entitled "Dumb Thoughts from the Hills." Very fond of music, and is especially partial to Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. Recreation: Dumb-Crambo. Address until March 4th, 1905, Esopus, or c/o David B. Still, Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum, Albany, N. Y.

BRYAN, WILLIAM JENNINGS. (See Necrology.)

Wilberforce Jenkins.





A SUNDAY MORNING DREAM



G DREAM—TIME TO WAKE UP.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



SOULS CONTRAPUNTAL;
OR, THE PASTIME OF ETERNITY.

A Rhapsody for Piano and Violin.

[BE-T-IX D-M-R-ST LL-YD.]

I.—Allegretto ma non troppo.

HE immutable tangentiality of their soul relations was borne in upon Hobbema with the argumentative insistence of a landslide. Like a landslide, too, had been the cumulative drift of their disaffinity. It had begun with a sharp divergence of tastes in breakfast foods; and this first clattering pebble of discord had gathered boulders in its flight, uprooting trees and flowering shrubs, and sweeping bare the whole hillside of their wedded life. Hobbema was crushed by the metaphorical detritus.

From the music room came jarringly the notes of an augmented three-four chord, struck on the piano with a cunctitative hand. Blonda his wife—his loud-haired, loud-voiced, loud-souled wife—was doing this to exacerbate him. She knew that to the sensitive soul of a musician the persistent iteration of an unresolved chord was Inquisitional wheel and rack. Once before she had tormented him thus to the outer rim of sanity, and, with refinement of cruelty, had left the chord dangling in air, like Mahomet's coffin, while she chugged away in her auto with a party of boon and philistine companions. He recalled the exquisite pain of that torture; how it had rung in his soul's ears long after the piano's strings had ceased to vibrate; how, unable longer to endure it, he had groped his way to the piano and struck the tonic madly till the last malignant echo of the unresolving chord expired. Now, as before, she had gone back to her room, leaving those damnable and vibrant notes—C, G-flat, B-flat—to beat upon his brain like the bludgeonings of fate.

This hideous, jangling life of theirs must cease. They could not go on like this forever. They were not affinities; they were not peas in the same soul pod; they did not even quarrel. This crucial moment must decide their lives. If she could not love him she might at least let the piano alone. He groped his way to her dressing-room (they never lighted the halls), and fell in blindly.

Mrs. Hobbema was putting on her diamond stomacher. She looked up glacially as he entered. "What's the row?" she asked. "Has the cook quit?"

He put the question aside with a negative, impatient hand.

"Sit down, Oscar, old boy," invited Blonda, in her freest and easiest manner. "Will you have a gin fizz? I'm dry as a lichen."

He made a virile gesture of dissent, and flung himself into an easy chair. "I hate gin!" he said, shudderingly.

"Another proof of our misfit temperaments," rejoined his wife, triumphantly. Then, with rare sincerity, "Let's be sensible, Oscar. We are not Siamese soul-twins, and never can be. You have the artistic temperament; mine runs mostly to gasoline. You are a musician; I am a musical idiot. Am I right, old man?"



"Yes—yes; it is as you say," he replied, gropingly. "You know, Oscar," went on his wife, "I really tried to take an interest in your music. I cut out the gasoline gig for a whole week, and let you give me lessons in counterpoint. But what's the use? I haven't a musical soul. I have forgotten even what a contrapuntal melody should be."

He lifted his head wearily. There must be no repetition of notes, figures or sequences," he began, with a dull ache in his throat; "no jumps above a minor sixth; no—"

"No use," she finished, with a return of her breezy manner. "Damn counterpoint! Here's my gas-gig!"

Through the open window came the pungent teuf-teuf of an auto. Mrs. Hobbema rose.

"Good-night, old chap," she flashed, flamboyantly. "I'm off. See you at breakfast."

She paused a moment at the door and looked back. "We quite understand each other, do we not?" she asked.

A loud snap answered her. The E string of Hobbema's being had given way.

II.—*Momento Appassionato.*

As Hobbema returned gropingly to his own room his progress was interdicted by a confrication of catgut, proceeding from the region of the back stairs. "The cook has company," he thought, bitterly. "Everybody has company except me."

But hark! What master hand is sweeping the strings? Is the cook entertaining Fritz Kreisler? Hobbema stood entranced, while a melody, weirdly beautiful, dragged its slow length like a stricken deer through a thicket of wondrous harmonies, rolled its eyes, gasped once or twice, and expired.

Hobbema groped his way to the kitchen, entered subitaneously, and flung a searching glance around the room. But his eyes encountered only the floury and somewhat portly person of Theresa, the German cook, who was hurriedly concealing something beneath a dishtowel.

"What have you there?" Hobbema asked.

The cook sought vainly for a lie, then yielded up the truth despairingly.

"Ein violin," she said.

Hobbema frowned. "And how should you, a mere cook, know a violin from a hand-saw?" he demanded.

"By der G string," she faltered. "A handsaw haf no G string."

The suspicion in Hobbema's eyes gave place to wonder. He took Theresa's somewhat pudgy hands, and scrutinized the finger tips. "So," he said; "you were the violinist." Then, delightedly, "Come; you shall play to me."

"I haf a cake in der ofen," she replied

simply, almost indifferently.

"Bah! let it burn," he said. "Come!"

Pale and silent, Theresa took her violin, and followed Hobbema as he groped his way to the music room.

"You play Brahms at sight, of course," he said, rummaging in his music pile. She nodded. "Good! We will try the Sonata in G. The second movement—it is the most beautiful. You come in at the ninth measure. Ready?"

He began with the long hold on the tonic, and Theresa felt his soul rise on the swelling wave of the double value quarter-note. In it throbbed the suspense of infinity, the pastime of eternity, the rapture of the ages, the rose gardens of Persia, Omar Khayyam and the Song of Songs. And when at last the wave, full-crested, flung itself upon the golden beach of the dominant, and broke into a thousand syncopated rills, Theresa tucked the violin beneath the double chin, and with one bare and somewhat beefy arm, flecked with flour, poised the ardent bow above the eager strings. As she swept into the ninth measure, with its passion-fraught chromatic swell, the souls of the players met in a dominant embrace. Theresa took up the first theme, and gave it back to Hobbema with even greater passion than his own. And yet the piano, throbbing an accompaniment beneath, was the stronger; and the violin, for all its passionate waywardness, leaned upon it, clung to it—melodic ivy to harmonic wall. And thus they throbbed and surged and seethed and weltered to the tranquil close—souls in counterpoint, souls consanguine, affinities.

As the final chord died away among the portieres, Hobbema caught Theresa's bulky entirety to him.

"Be mine, Theresa, be mine!" he whispered.

"I haf a cake in der ofen," Theresa replied.

Bert Leston Taylor.



COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Honor Men, Class 1904, Vreeland Metropolitan Fracture and Car Ahead University.



THE END SEAT QUESTION.

PAT.—Phwat's all this talk I rade about consarnin' the ind seat question, in me newspaper?

MIKE.—Shure, 't is the contintion of havin' ter giv up yer ind seat to some wan ilse.

PAT.—Shure, that's goin' to make trouble fer a lot of us. Why don't they make the car binches widout inny ind seats in them?

THE NEWPORTER'S ROAD BOOK
AND COMPLETE JEROME BAFFLER.

FOR THE benefit of young Mr. Vanderbilt, who recently traveled from Newport to Philadelphia by way of Detroit, and other rapid members of the Newport colony who have, or may have, occasion to avoid passing through New York, we have compiled a list of convenient and agreeable routes having Newport as a starting point. Following are a few specimen itineraries:

Newport to Calicoon, N. Y.—Short, quick trip. By rail to Providence, and thence to Nashua, N. H., where close connection is made with B. & M. R.R. for White River Junction, Vt. By C. V. R.R. to Greenfield, Mass., and B. & M. R.R. to Albany. By steamer to Newburgh, N. Y., West Shore R.R. to Jersey City, and Erie R.R. to Calicoon. Good brace game at Providence, and some faro at Albany.

Newport to Perth Amboy, N. J.—By rail to Boston, and Canadian Pacific to the Soo. Here there is a choice of steamer to Chicago, or short rail line to Duluth, with Northwestern R.R. connection for Chicago. Good crap shooting in South Clark Street and poker at the Athletic Club. Choice of routes to Pittsburgh; thence to Philadelphia, and by P. R.R. to Perth Amboy.

Newport to Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.—By rail to Boston; thence by steamer to St. John, N. B. Beautiful voyage along coast. From St. John by C. P. R. R. to Vanceboro, Maine. Good checker game at the post-office, 25 cents limit. From Vanceboro by buckboard to East Machias; thence by rail to Portsmouth, N. H., through the far-famed Crawford Notch to Littleton; thence to Albany, and New York Central to New Hamburg. Livery rig to Wappinger's Falls.

Newport to Cheesquake, N. J.—Ideal summer trip; nearly all water. By rail to Boston, and thence by steamer to the Azores and Lisbon. From Lisbon by steamer to Suez. Can raise a thirst anywhere east of here, and good gambling may be had at Pat Sheedy's place in Cairo. From Suez to Aden, where transfers to Bombay are given. From Bombay to Manila and Frisco, and by rail to Philadelphia and New Brunswick. Muleback to Cheesquake.

WANTED—ANOTHER CANDIDATE.

A Song of the "Common" People.

WE ARE the "Common" people, who purchased "Common" Steel.
We are ninety-seven thousand strong, and this is how we feel:
We don't care who's elected—we are all prepared to flop
To a man who'll put Steel Common where it was before the drop.

The party platforms bore us, the issues make us yawn.
"Our wonderful prosperity" strikes us as overdrawn.
High tariff and low tariff have for us an equal charm.
We "point with pride" to nothing, view nothing "with alarm."

O'er the candidates selected we're unable to enthuse.
We are very apathetic, with just a touch of blues.
The man we'd like to vote for, on whom we'd all agree,
Is a man who'll put Steel Common back to fifty-two or three.

For we're the "Common" people, who purchased Common Steel.
We're ninety-seven thousand strong, and this is how we feel:
Our choice—he may be Democrat, Republican or Pop—
Is a man who'll put Steel Common where it was before the drop.

B. L. T.

TONE POETRY.

THE Symphonia Bellica by Dr. Richard Altstrumpfen, as interpreted by the composer, was a revelation to the cultivated audience.

All doubt as to the possibility of giving a clear and coherent idea of the progress of a modern war by means of orchestral effects was completely dissipated.

The pronunciation of the names of the Russian generals by the wood wind evoked a furore of enthusiasm, which Dr. Altstrumpfen acknowledged in a neat and witty speech on the oboes and clarinets.

The intricate passages descriptive of the censorship and the denial of previous dispatches were played in convincing fashion, while the bottling of Port Arthur was treated with such a broad wealth of detail that the afternoon papers got out extras.

A delicious anecdote is told of Dr. Altstrumpfen. It seems that he cares nothing for popular applause. The only thing he cares for is money.

ONE CASE.

GIFFLE.—Did you ever actually know of a man making a mountain out of a molehill?

SPINKS.—Well, the proprietor of the hotel I stopped at last Summer came very near doing it in his prospectus.

THE CAMPAIGN SALLY WATERS.

LITTLE Charley Fairbanks,
Spouting from the train;
Smiling and speaking
With all his might and main.

Bow, Charley, bow!
Ted'll show you how;
Talk to the East and—
Talk to the West and—
Tell them all about the man they
ought to like
The best!

A. H. F.

It would serve the Russians and Japanese only right were the newspapers to quit them and take on the Macedonians, who are willing to fight in print.



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of the Still—



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It is the first bought
because

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Pears' soap cleanliness—perfect cleanliness and comfort.

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IT HAS NO EQUAL
COOK'S
Imperial
CHAMPAGNE
SERVED EVERYWHERE

A LOVELY SPOT.

One of the loveliest spots I think
My vision ever saw,
Was when I wished an ace, to fill,
And I got it in the draw.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CARDS.

MRS. NEWLWED.—I wonder what are proper calling cards?

MR. NEWLWED (*absent-mindedly*).—It depends altogether on whether you think the other fellow has a good hand or is merely bluffing.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A CHANGE.

"He used to pride himself on the fact that he always says what he thinks."

"Yes, but that was before he met Biffer. Now he always thinks what he says."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

You can not expect better manners from your children than you give them.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Any Dealer Anywhere.



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"Some things are hard to express!" he faltered.

"There's no hurry!" protested the maiden, with a gracious smile.

Digestion's greatest aid—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every meal gives appetite and helps digestion.—Abbott's.

UNMENTIONABLE.

TEACHER.—What does b-u-l-l-y spell?

JOHNNY.—Why—er—

TEACHER.—Come, come! Suppose a great, big boy were to strike a little fellow, what would you call him?

JOHNNY.—I don't dast ter tell yer, Ma'am.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

IF the pictures in the family album were taken as long as thirty years ago, looking through it is almost as interesting as seeing a different tribe of the human race.—*Atchison Globe.*

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one size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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RED.—Aw, wot's dat! Wait till yer see McFeeter's risin' drop coive!

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WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE

NOT THE REALISTIC KIND, EITHER.

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"Well," the young novelist replied, "you must remember this is a work of fiction." — *Chicago Herald*.

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Antidiaphatic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

IN A SALOON.

FLANNERY.—Oi seen Costigan down town the day.

FINNEGAN.—Ay! he told me there wuz a couple o' places he was goin' to look fur work.

FLANNERY.—Indade? Oi guess he was lookin' fur a job as bartender whin Oi seen 'im.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



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and How to Enjoy them Best.

That the good old customs which prevailed in the days of long ago are coming into vogue again is strikingly illustrated by the great increase in the army of recreation seekers and proves that we are drawing closer to natural conditions and getting more out of life. The convivial and social spirit associated with the good old days of Robin Hood has its counterpart in miniature in our present-day picnic in the woods, even to the flagons of creamy ale with its happy influences and good cheer.

Ale has increased in the estimation of man since the days of Sherwood Forest, when, with his merry men, Robin Hood dispensed the good cheer with lavish hand and always to the accompaniment of woodland-echoed song, so has ale improved in popularity, until to-day Evans' famous cream Ale stands representing absolute perfection in ale-brewing. It has become an essential adjunct of country life in all of its phases, and is recognized as the always-ready entertainer, the inspiration of the camp, the solace of the fisherman, the joy of the golfer and the open sesame of good fellowship among all men.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
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Innis. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 25c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 305 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

SIBERIAN RAILROAD NOTES.

OOT! Tootski!

Get the Summer Time Table.

Twenty days to St. Petersburg. No delay. No dust.

Read what Kuropatkin says of Siberia's greatest railway. Mailed to any address.

If you are going to Manchuria this Summer, make up your mind quick. All the fastest trains are coming back.

Conductor Ringemupski left Irkutsk last night in charge of the Moscow Fast Freight. He is expected back, by the Ping Yang Flyer, on August 14.

A sealed express car, laden with charms for the front, jumped the track at Tobolsk last week. It took the wrecking crew four days to clean up, but fortunately no train was due.

Basil Tickemoff, the operator at East Port Arthur, has asked to be transferred to some interior way station. He gives as a reason that he wishes to be nearer his family, who reside at Odessa. His application has been placed on file.

A. H. F.

ONE KIND.

"Pa, what's a constitutional monarch?"

"A judge who, being owned by a trust, always decides in its favor on the ground that the law under which the suit was brought is unconstitutional."—*Chicago Herald*.

"MISS JOHNSON — Lucindy — may Ah call you Lucindy?"

"Suttinly not, sah. Ah's hahdly acquainted wif you, Mr. Livin'ston. Dat's a familiarity Ah allows only to mah most intimate frien's."

"Ah begs yo' pahdon, Miss Johnson. Ah was goin' to ask if you would kindly move yo' lubly self ovah to mah udder knee. De one you's sittin' on am gone to sleep."—*Kansas Journal*.

AFTER all, it is the man at the little end of the horn who makes the music.—*Ram's Horn*.

RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

IN MOURNING.

"Oh, shame!" cried the neighbors, "she's playing again!" What harm? The poor widow was lonely. She found the piano a solace, and then She was using the black keys only.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

HIS INTEREST.

"You may not believe it," said the Standard Oil magnate, "but I really do love the poor. I'm always glad to see them and to do what I can to add—" "To their numbers," interrupted the man with the cold gray eye. "Yes, we all give you credit for that."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE second time a man calls on a clever girl, she tells him she knows his step.—*Atchison Globe*.

A TERRIBLE responsibility rests on the editor who prints the first "poem" that a fourteen-year-old girl sends in to him.—*Somerville Journal*.



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BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Can you lend me a twenty, old chap? I'm going on my vacation and need it badly."
"Wait till you get back, old fel; — you'll need it worse, then!"

HOTEL SEVILLE

New 12-Story Fireproof Hotel

MADISON AVE. & 29th ST. South-West Corner
One-Half Block from 5th Ave.



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Larger Suites in proportion.

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"THAT FEELS GOOD!"

Williams' Shaving Soap not only "feels good," but does good, every time you use it. "It is just like cream," softening, cooling, refreshing. It is used by the leading barbers throughout the world, and there is no higher recommendation for a barber or a better guarantee of comfort and sanitary conditions, than the mere fact that he uses Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

HIS RUNNIN' REASONS.

"Always defeated for every office you ran for?"

"Always!"

"Yet you're still a-runnin'?"

"Still runnin'!"

"Would you mind telling me why?"

"Not at all! I've been a martyr to the rheumatism, my friend, and nothin' knocks rheumatism like runnin' for an office 'gainst a feller that's six miles ahead o' you!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

MAGIC.

In fairy land the daisies smile
And birds are singing all the while.

I wish for breakfast every morn,
Nor is my wishing left forlorn.

I promptly wish for dinner, then,
And straight am satisfied again.

My third wish is for supper, and
The fairy honors this demand.

Each day's a fairy tale brand-new,
In which three wishes all come true.

— *Washington Star*.

EVERY man ought to have a hobby.
A good hobby for a married man to have is doing everything that his wife wants him to. — *Somerville Journal*.

THE men stand going to church pretty well until the tall stranger gets up, and begins to talk about raising more money for the foreign missions. — *Atchison Globe*.

VERY LIKELY TO.

"Do people think much of him around here?"

"I would n't be surprised if they did. I understand that he owes them about \$75,000." — *Chicago Herald*.



GUESSWORK.

"What's a howling dervish, George?"

"Why, he's a—a dervish who howls."

"And why does he howl, George?"

"Why, I suppose it's because he is a dervish."

"And why is he a dervish, George, dear?"

"I—I guess it's because he howls. There, run along, dear, and let me get a look at the markets." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.





I.
THE GOOD DOCTOR.—Judge Pulpy, there's nothing on earth the matter with you except that you need some open-air exercise. Why don't you try some gentle sport? Golf, for instance. That's it—golf. Now, you get an outfit and go out to-morrow.



MRS. PULPY.—Now, Abner, it says to stand with the legs apart, well braced; keep your eye on the ball; don't drop your right shoulder—don't press—



"Remember, Abner—the right shoulder, and don't press—



"Well, for the first time, that seems to be an awfully good—



V.
"Knock!!!"



JUDGE PULPY.—There's too much head-work in this for me.